

Pony and Bison Trot Side by Side in Coats for the Winter

Other Garments of That Class Somewhat Ornamental, Catching Spirit of the Hour—Important Houses Using Imitation Chinchilla Because of Present Fur Situation—French Products for This Country Often Have Piece of Crinoline Pinned Where Fur Should Go, Leaving Work of Completion to Those Who Import Them—Prodigality of White Ermine Noted in New Clothes—Return to Fur Cravat of Other Years.



AFTERNOON COAT OF CREAM ARABIAN PONY, BY MADELEINE VIONNET, SHOWN ON THE FIRST DAY OF HER COLLECTION. THE LINE IS SLIM, THE FASTENING IS AT THE SIDE, AND THE STRAIGHT COLLAR COVERS THE CHIN.

BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

If you go down to Araby this winter be sure that you catch a cream-colored pony in the vast deserts and bring him home to make a new coat.

If your husband happens to be hunting wild game, tell him to be sure and shoot a bison, because you may need still another coat.

If he is not strong enough to pursue a bison, tell him to sacrifice his feelings and kill a gentle gazelle, which will make just as good a coat as an Arabian pony or a bison. And if you can do none of these things, pursue the circus and buy old hides.

That, it would seem, has been the work of someone in the world if one judges by the new fur garments offered for a possibly cold winter.

On the opening day of the exhibition of Madeleine Vionnet's collection in Paris three of her mannequins trotted out in fur coats made from each of these aforesaid animals. The cream-colored Arabian pony took the blue ribbon.

That particular coat is straight in line, as the sketch shows. It hangs in a slim way from shoulder to hem, not departing from the straight and narrow path. It is fastened at the side without ornamentation. That's all there is to it. The two other coats were made like it, one of gazelle and the other of bison.

Other coats of the season are somewhat ornamental, catching the spirit of the hour. They are draped upward at one side and are usually held with ornamental buckles. But not the Vionnet coats. Whether they are short or long, and most of them are long, they are the essence of simplicity. There is one short squirrel coat worn with a gray kasha gown, which has somewhat the appearance of the short jumpers worn through the summer.

Cheruit launches a startling innovation in fur coats by making them with a ruffle from the knees down. It is necessary to use soft pelts to do this, such as moleskin and chinchilla.

EVEN the important houses use imitation chinchilla, by the way, because there is not much fur left. The people who weave fabric have imitated chinchilla and astrakhan in a remarkable manner in order to offset the deficiency of fur and the extravagance of it, and the neat-dressed women wear it.

The new duty on imported goods which has gone into effect makes Paris feel that she cannot bring over animal hides from America and send them back in a fashionable shape, because the American dressmakers cannot afford the "fashionable" animals in our forests and also export fur workers in our foreign settlements, our commissioners merely ask the French to pin a piece of crinoline on a new garment to indicate where fur should go.

One would think that the Russian frontier had been closed for years or that it has not produced any fur since the commencement of the war, to judge by the prodigality of white ermine in new clothes.

Possibly there was much ermine in the country which could be utilized in a fashionable manner.



PAUL POIRET HAS FASHIONED THIS SPECIAL COAT FOR MRS. DEAN RUSBY OF PARIS. IT IS OF EMPIRE GREEN VELVET WITH BAND OF SABLE AT NECK, COLLAR OF SABLE AND TWO FUNNEL-SHAPED SLEEVES THAT SERVE AS A MUFF.

Whether ermine began the fashion for white coats or people thought of ermine as decoration because white fur was the fashion is hard to say. The only fact of interest to the public is that a woman can wear as much white peltry as she wishes. There are even white fur coats. She can trim her best black gowns with it also.

Canada has ermine as well as Russia, and in many a trunk stored in attics there are old capes of ermine which can be brought into the sunshine, bleached and recut into scarfs, cuffs or pockets.

WHITE Siberian cat is the name given to the long coats of white fur lined with colored satin, which were featured at St. Moritz in the summer and repeated under many names in America. Furriers are making bed jackets of white cat lined

with velvet, which are used in the Victorian manner by those who have breakfast in bed. Some women sleep in them when they are lined with satin, not velvet. They are fascinating little garments, making even the busy woman decide she will take the Sunday off in bed or that she will come down to breakfast in so beguiling a garment. They are being offered by the beauty specialists along with cream and powder.

It was Paris that launched the sweaters which could be reversed to serve as fur jumpers. This was a good idea and received the welcome usually given to good ideas.

Whatever color the sweater, the fur



SHORT COAT OF GRAY SQUIRREL WORN WITH GRAY VELVET GOWN. IT IS FASTENED AT ONE SIDE WITH A JADE BUCKLE. THE CUFFS ARE DEEP AND WIDE.

was gray squirrel, although it might have been white; for a white fur lining to an Orleans blue skirt jacket makes an admirable combination.

Along with the fur-lined sweaters there came into fashion long black cloth coats lined with squirrel. The work was so deftly done that the garment had no awkwardness. It was simple and took the outline of the soft frock it covered. Chanel of Paris started the fashion for the black cloth coat that appeared to be a frock, but which, in reality, was a covering for an afternoon or informal dinner gown of colored crepe de chine. The coat was lined with the fabric of the frock.

This type of topcoat, the kind which looks like a frock, is a blessing not in disguise. It is the delight of the economical woman, as it serves half the occasions of life.

Women who are interested in small fur pieces are more numerous than others who are searching for expen-

sive long coats. There is little to promise them in the way of protective warmth. The small animal with its tail in its mouth remains in fashion. It always suggests the amusement of a kitten chasing its tail, but it is a fashion with few critics, and there are unnumbered thousands who desire it.

ONCE every woman in the world wanted a sealskin sack. It was the symbol of prosperity. During the last three years every woman has wanted a small sable holding itself together on one of her shoulders. When she is not adjusting this little animal she is arranging her ear pads. The two gestures are symbolic of the epoch. They should be put into history.

The broad scarf which keeps one warm, which is more than the most costly sable does, has a few spongers among the furriers and dress-



CHERUIT PUTS A DEEP SPANISH FLOUNCE ON THE BOTTOM OF A MOLESKIN COAT AND THEREBY STARTS A NEW FASHION. THE SLEEVES ARE LONG, THE LINING IS OF DULL GREEN BROCADE.

makers, but it is not worn as a protection to the chest. It is thrown around the neck with loose ends, for the present idea is to heap fabric between the chin and collar-bone.

For this reason there is a return to the fur cravat of other years. It may be in the form of a riding-habit stock, or it may be an immense collar that envelops the chin. Its one end stands out beyond one ear. This is the form that fur collars take.

Madeleine Vionnet makes much of the muffer collar of fur which has one end thrown over the shoulder. She also has a high collar on coats which is curiously fastened by a metal slide that runs up two tiny rods from top to bottom. When the slide is at the bottom the collar is open; when it is at the top the collar is closed to the point of the chin. On the first day of the collection the mannequin amused the audience by running this metal slide up and down the grooves attached to each side.

Some of the smart bootmakers in Paris like Perugia and Thomas use

this metal slide to fasten the new high boots which are making a determined effort to oust low shoes.

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Cold Closets.

One of the things that the country-bred woman usually finds most inconvenient about the usual city house or any apartment is the lack of any sort of cold closet where potatoes and other vegetables can be stored in the winter.

She might be pleased to know that of later years city and town dwellers are coming more and more to appreciate the value of the cold closet, and more and more the custom is spreading in towns and cities of buying potatoes and other vegetables to last through the winter, and sometimes crates of oranges, which could not be kept save in a properly constructed cold closet.

The cold closet must be protected enough to prevent freezing and yet cold enough to keep vegetables from spoiling. There is no danger of freezing in the modern cellar, but often the temperature is too high. This can often be managed by boarding a closet in a cool end of the cellar and providing it with a door, so that there will be no free access of the heated air of the cellar. This, of course, costs money in material and in carpenter's time if you have no member of the family who makes a hobby of using saw and hammer. But the expense is not great and within a winter or two you could undoubtedly make it up in the amount saved on the cost of vegetables.

Surely there is a feeling of well-being that comes when you have a well stored cellar; when you have enough potatoes to last you through the winter; when you have a barrel of apples, possibly onions, turnips and other vegetables bought at small cost from the farmer at the outset of the year. If to this supply you add a shelf of neatly arranged jars of fruit and vegetables, you have a feeling that makes you willing to defy the storms and winds and even possible increased prices.

Cream Fritters.

Let one pint of cream come to a boil. While it boils stir in seven ounces of flour and work it well with a wooden spoon over the fire for two minutes. Then set the pot on the table and mix in two tablespoonsful of cream that has been cooled. Add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of sugar. Into this work about six eggs, one at a time, and each well mixed before you add the other. Then the dough is ready for use. Have a deep pan on the fire with some good lard in it, and let it get hot, but not too hot. Put all the dough in a bag and squeeze it through a pastry tube onto small pieces of buttered paper in all kinds of designs. Drop the designs, which may be squares, diamonds, crescents or flowers, into the hot lard and fry them until they are golden brown. Turn over when cooked on one side. Remove and sprinkle powdered sugar over both sides. These cream fritters are good served hot or cold.

Sweetbreads With White Sauce.

Soak one pound of sweetbreads in cold water for fifteen minutes to extract the blood, and after removing the pipes and membranes cook what remains in one pint of boiling water, to which one tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon juice and half a teaspoonful of salt have been added. When the sweetbreads are tender plunge them into cold water to harden them, then cut or break them into small pieces and serve in white sauce.

THE THIRD MAN By Meredith Nicholson

(Continued from Second Page.)

at the turn of the talk. "He squared it all long ago."

"It's natural, in fact, instinctive, for a man to protect himself, to exhaust all the possibilities of defense when the law lays its hand upon him. Avery did not do so, and his meek submission counted heavily against him. But let us consider that a little. You and Reynolds left the bungalow together, probably after the interview had added to your wrath against him, but you wished to renew the talk out of Avery's hearing, and volunteered to guide Reynolds to the station where the Chicago train was to stop for him. You didn't go back, Mr. Tate—"

"Good God, I tell you I wasn't there! I can prove that I was in Louisville; I tell you—"

"We're coming back to your alibi in a moment," said the governor patiently. "We will assume—merely assume for the moment—that you said you would take the train with Reynolds and ride as far as Ashton, where the Midland crosses and you would get an early morning train home. Avery went to sleep at the bungalow wholly ignorant of what had happened; he was awakened in the morning with news that Reynolds had been killed by blows on the head inflicted near the big derrick where you and Reynolds—I am assuming—had stopped to argue your grievances."

"Avery—shocked, dazed, not comprehending his danger, and lying there in the bungalow prostrate and half-crazed by the horror of the thing—waited; waited for the prompt help he expected from the only living person who knew that he had not left the bungalow. He knew you only as a kind, helpful friend, and I dare say, at first he never suspected you! It was the last thing in the world he would have attributed to you, and the possibility of it was slow to enter his anxious, perturbed mind. He had every reason for sitting tight in those first hideous hours, confident that the third man at that bungalow gathering would come forward and establish his innocence with a word. 'As is the way in such cases, efforts

were made to fix guilt upon others; Avery, your friend, the man you had saved once, in a fine spirit of magnanimity, waited for you to say the word that would clear him. But you never said that word, Mr. Tate. You took advantage of his silence; a silence due, we will say, to shock and horror at the catastrophe and to his reluctance to believe you guilty of so monstrous a crime or capable of allowing him, an innocent man, to suffer the penalty for it."

"Tate's big eyes were bent duly upon the governor. He averted his gaze slowly and reached for a glass of water, but his hand shook so that he could not lift it, and he glared at it as though it were a hateful thing."

"I wasn't there! Why—" he began with an effort at bravado; but the words choked him, and he sat swiveling his head from side to side and breathing heavily. The governor went on in the same low, even tone he had used from the beginning: "When Avery came to himself—and you still were silent, he doubtless saw that, having arranged for you to meet Reynolds at the bungalow—Reynolds, who had been avoiding you—he had put himself in the position of an accessory before the fact, and that even if he told the truth about your being where you and Reynolds—I am assuming—had stopped to argue your grievances, it would not help him. At best it was an ugly business, and being an intelligent man he knew it. I gather that you are a secretive man by nature; the people who know you well in your own town say that of you. No one knew that you had gone there, and the burden of the whole thing was upon Avery. And your tracks were so completely hidden; you had been at such pains to sneak down there to take advantage of the chance Avery made for you to see Reynolds and have it out with him about the creamery business, that suspicion never attached to you. 'You knew Avery as a good fellow, a little weak, perhaps, as you learned from that forgery of your name ten years earlier, and it would have been his word against yours. I'll say to

you, Mr. Tate, that I've lain awake at nights thinking about this case, and I know of nothing more pitiful, more horrible, than the silent suffering of George Avery as he waited for you to go to his rescue, knowing that you alone could save him."

"I didn't do it! I didn't do it!" Tate reiterated in a hoarse whisper that died away in a queer guttural sound in his throat. "And now about your alibi, Mr. Tate; the alibi that you were never even called on to establish. The governor reached for the tablet and held it before the man's eyes, which focused upon it slowly, uncomprehendingly. "Now," said the governor, "you can hardly deny that you drew that sketch, for I saw you do it with my own eyes. I'm going to ask you, Mr. Tate, whether this drawing isn't also your work?"

He drew out the sheet of paper he had shown the others earlier in the evening and placed it beside the tablet. Tate jumped to his feet, staring wild-eyed, and a groan escaped him. The governor caught his arm and pushed him back into his chair. "You will see that this is Avery's letter head that was used in the quarry office. As you talked there with Reynolds that night you played with a pencil as you did here a little while ago, and without realizing it you were creating evidence against yourself that was all I needed to convince me absolutely of your guilt. I have three other sheets of Avery's paper bearing the same figure that you drew that night at the quarry office, and I have others collected in your own office within a week! As you may be aware, the power of habit is very strong. For years, no doubt, your subconsciousness has carried that device, and in moments of deep abstraction with wholly unrelated things your hand has traced it. Even the irregularities in the outline are identical, and the size and shading are precisely the same. I ask you again, Mr. Tate, shall I sign the pardon I brought here in my pocket and free George Avery?"

The sweat dripped from Tate's forehead and trickled down his cheeks in little streams that shone in the light.

His collar had wilted at the fold, and he ran his finger round his neck to loosen it. Once, twice, he lifted his head defiantly, but meeting the governor's eyes fixed upon him relentlessly, his gaze wavered. He thrust his hand under his coat and drew out his pencil and then, finding it in his fingers, flung it away, and his shoulders drooped lower.

BURGESS stood by the window with his back to them. The governor spoke to him, and he nodded and left the room. In a moment he returned with two men and closed the door quickly.

"Hello, warden; sit down a moment, will you?"

The governor turned to a tall, slender man whose intense pallor, heightened by the brightness of his oddly staring blue eyes. He advanced slowly. His manner was that of a blind man moving cautiously in an unfamiliar room. The governor smiled reassuringly into his white, impassive face.

"I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Avery," he said. He rose and took Avery by the hand. At the name Tate's head went up with a jerk. His chair creaked discordantly as he turned, looked up into the night before established in the directors' room waiting for him. They greeted him without their usual chaff, and he merely nodded to all comprehendingly and seated himself on the table. "We don't want to bother you, Web," said Colton, "but I guess we'd all feel better if we knew what happened after we left you last night. I hope you don't mind."

Burgess frowned and shook his head.

"You ought to thank God you didn't have to see the rest of it! I've got a reservation on the limited tonight; going down to the big city in the hope of getting it out of my mind."

"Well, we know only what the papers printed this morning," said Ramsey; "a very brief paragraph saying that Avery had been pardoned. The papers don't tell the story of his crime as they usually do, and we noticed that they refrained from saying

that the pardon was signed at one of your dinner parties."

"I saw the newspapers at the governor's request. He didn't want any row made about it, and neither did I, for that matter. Avery is at my house. His wife was there waiting for him when I took him home."

"We rather expected that," said Colton, "as we were planted at the library windows when you left the club. But about the other man; that's what's troubling us."

"Um," said Burgess, crossing his legs and clasping his knees. "That was the particular hell of it."

"Tate was guilty; we assume that, of course," suggested Fullerton. "We all saw him signing his death warrant right there at the table."

"Yes," Burgess replied, gravely, "and he virtually admitted it; but if God lets me live I hope never to see anything like that again!"

He jumped down and took a turn across the room.

And now—After that, Web?

"Well, it won't take long to tell it. After the governor signed the pardon I told the warden to take Avery down stairs and get him a drink; the poor devil was all in. And then Tate came to, blubbering like the vile coward he is, and began pleading for mercy, on his knees, mind you, on his knees! God! It was horrible—horrible beyond anything I ever dreamed of—to see him groveling there. I supposed, of course, the governor would turn him over to the police. I was all primed for that, and Tate expected it and bawled like a sick calf. But what he said was—that the governor said was, and he said it the way they say 'dust to dust' over a grave—'You poor fool, for such beasts as you the commonwealth has no place for you. Turn over when cooked on one side. Remove and sprinkle powdered sugar over both sides. These cream fritters are good served hot or cold.'"

"But the governor had no right," began Ramsey, eagerly. "He had no right—"

"The king can do no wrong! And, if you fellows don't mind, the incident is closed, and we'll never speak of it again."

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